

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, November 21, 1801.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. I.

Birth, parentage, and education.—What is absolutely required in a gentleman.—Observation on making Latin verses.—A tutor.—His attachments.—Hero described.—His friend.—A music meeting.—A singular party.—Beauty surpassing the Grecian Venus.—Love.—A conversation without either side uttering a word.—Disappointment.—Allen who see what nobody else can see.

THAT which puts an end to all the undertakings of other men shall be the beginning of mine—death.

Before I enter, however, upon a scene of such awful interest to every human being, I shall dwell for a few moments on the history of one whom it more nearly concerned.

Barclay Temple was the only son of a gentleman of the same name, who had inherited three thousand pounds a year from his father. His mother dying in his childhood, young Barclay became the soul hope and comfort of his remaining parent. Having no one else to provide for, his father resolved not to withhold from him any accomplishment that money could enable him to acquire. And, as no man deserves the name, or can support the perfect character of a gentleman, without the education of a scholar, our hero was sent at a early age, under the care of a private tutor, to Eton school.

At this seminary of learning young Barclay distinguished himself as much by his promptitude and acuteness, when urged by necessity, as by his love of play and idle-

ness, whenever he was able to indulge in them. Before he left Eton, no boy could expound a classic better than himself. I might say the same of the number of lines he could learn by heart, and the comparative goodness of the verses he made; but these are things of barren merit, being of much trouble and little use. On this subject our hero has since often expressed himself to this effect: "What we committed to memory we committed like parrots, and were only cleverer than parrots, inasmuch as we could remember more words. Our best verses were composed of hemistichs of one ancient author tacked to those of another, which we found ready cut and dried in the *Gradus*. Those we invented were in respect to poetry, and would have sounded to the ear of an old Roman like this line, which Dr. Johnson made to ridicule heroic blank verse, with proper quantity, but no other pretensions to poetry:

"Here, lay your knife and fork across your plate."

"An hexameter verse may be made of the beginning of Tacitus; and such is the verse of school-boys in general. Much time is lost in such fruitless employ."

Another observation of his is not undeserving of notice: "Boys at school are made to read authors for the sake of their words, when, like men, they should read them for the sake of their sense. The one will quote you an author for the authority of a word, the other for an opinion. The difference between them is as the difference between two persons who should value a house—*this* for its brick and mortar; *that* for its beauty and convenience."

After going through Eton school with considerable eclat, he was sent to Oxford, and became a gentleman commoner of—college. His tutor, at Eton, not having received any promise of future provision from the elder Mr. Temple, and being, I

cannot say *remarkably*, because he was like many others of his profession, much attached to an Eton life, CRICKET, &c. declined accompanying him to the academic bowers. His loss was soon repaired.

Our young hero was at this period about nineteen years of age; his person, above the middling size, manly, but not Herculean; his features were finely marked, animated, and capable of expressing every passion of a soul, which his eyes of a light blue pronounced not more full of fire than of tenderness and philanthropy. His dark-brown hair, without powder, curling in his neck and over his forehead, added an unaffected grace to that sensibility which beamed in his countenance and shone forth in all his actions. In a word, Nature had endowed him with those evidences of body and mind which "give assurance of a noble and ingenuous youth."

With such desirable and engaging qualities it will not be surprising that he should be the object of universal esteem. He was so to the greatest degree; but with a capability of perception and discrimination above the common race of men, he could not think all those who excelled in drunkenness, or other feats of a like exalted kind, worthy of being made his bosom friend. Not that he always resisted the attacks of petty vices. His blood ran merrily thro' his veins, and he indulged in them to a greater extent than his cooler judgment could approve; but, however agreeable his companions might be at the time, he could not in his serious moments view them with that respect, without which no friendship can exist.

One, however, of his associates, found an easy passage to his heart, and would have usurped the whole, but for another, a fairer claimant, to whom the heart of man more properly belongs. Except a small

corner, in which he lodged his father, they were its entire possessors. Cruel possessors, that robbed it of its happiness!

Two events now occur to be related before we take our leave of Oxford, which, though apparently trifling in their beginning, teemed with the future joy and misery of our hero.

Of the first, as we shall speedily have an opportunity of entering more fully into it, we shall merely add, that the friendship he formed was with a fellow collegian, whom he had known at Eton. He left Eton before young Barclay, but they had loved each other there, and now renewed and confirmed that affection which had taken place in their boyish days. So inseparable were they whilst at college, that they were named the Orestes and Pylades of Oxford. Inseparable as were their persons, their minds and manners were widely unconnected; their looks and figures wholly dissimilar. The one, as I have already described him, was all openness and candour, good humour and kindness; the other was all mystery and reserve, misanthropy and forbiddance, to every one but this his only confidential friend. We shall shortly go further into his character; at present it is sufficient to say, that he had completed his studies, and quitted the university to pursue the law, for which purpose he had repaired to Lincoln's Inn, some time previous to the occurrence of the second circumstance, which I shall now repeat in our hero's words:

"Being fond of all public amusements, especially of such as partook of any science, I was a constant attendant at our great music meetings. The last I visited did not long precede the grievous calamity that befel me: a calamity which could alone for a moment drive from my mind the sweet delirium it had enjoyed. Oh! happy moments! fleeting joys, gone never to return.

"The meeting was so crowded that I could procure no seat, or was, through common politeness, obliged to relinquish that which I had obtained, to the first lady who needed it, I therefore stood with my side against the wall, and my face towards the performers.

"Every thing for some time went on admirably well, and the most profound silence was observed, when suddenly, during an exquisite sonata on the violin, a voice was heard accompanying it with *Fa, la, la, la, sol, la, mi, fa!* I, as well as many others, turned round to see from whence this interruption proceeded, and saw not far from me a very whimsical looking little

thin lady, painted to the eyes, and dressed in the most curious and gaudy manner, sitting by the side of an overgrown, clumsy youth, with a broad, vacant, ridiculous face, clothed precisely after the style of his neighbour. She had fixed her eyes on the ceiling, and in an apparent ecstasy, with her hands beat time to the vocal part, furnished by the young gentleman her neighbour. A general hiss quickly taught them to understand, that their addition would be readily dispensed with, and they desisted; but not without giving several proofs, by look and gesture, of their ineffable contempt for the want of taste in every one present. In doing this I perceived that a young lady, who sat with them, was of their party. She was at first covered with blushes, which gradually vanished, and left me to gaze on the most lovely face I ever beheld. The roses of happiness bloomed on her cheeks, and the lilies of modesty were sweetly blended with them in her heavenly countenance. What wonderful beauty, innocence, and love were there! "Who, (cries Hogarth*, "but a bigot to the antiques, will say, that he has not yet seen faces and necks, hands and arms, in living women, that even the Grecian Venus doth but coarsely imitate?"—I am no such bigot; for I have seen them all, fairer, and more perfect far!

"I now no longer bent towards the performers, or heard their music; all my senses, my whole soul, dwelt in my eyes, and them I could not move from the fairy-form that fascinated them. Being above the croud, and fixing my sight continually on her, she soon observed me, and, oh! may I not flatter and deceive myself! seemed pleased with my attention. The more I looked, the more she appeared to regard me; and when, for a moment, thro' fear of offence, I turned my eyes away, I ever, on recurring, found her's rivetted on mine.

"To hear with eyes belongs to Love's fine wit."†

And we long conversed together, and plainly heard the sentiments of each other's soul.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy ‡

But how immaculate, how different from all other sensations of love were mine!—Though wild, and somewhat too dissipated,

* Cap. on Compositions with the Serpentine Line.

† Shakespeare, Son. xxiii.

‡ Waller.

no improper, no unbecoming thought entered my mind as I beheld her. We looked at each other with a tenderness of affection which seemed to beget no fear in the breast of either, but a placid, tranquil regard, that inspired the most unlimited confidence.

"These delicious minutes appeared of short duration, but the remembrance of them will last long:—they have kindled a fire in my bosom, pure as Vestal virgins, and everlasting as their flame!

"With two more interruptions from the young gentleman, who could never be silent when a quick movement was playing, our concert concluded. The assembly rose, and hurried to the door. The croud being excessive, I could scarcely keep my eye on the fair one, who was pulled along by her grotesque companions, without much ceremony. By the time I got out, I saw them at a little distance, the night being fine, walking towards the inn. Before I was able to reach them, they entered. I made all possible enquiry about them, but the house was so thronged, and the people so busy, that I did it without effect. I waited till every body was gone to bed, and then retired to my abode, disappointed, but not unhappy. My feelings were pleasing, though strange.—I felt as if I had changed hearts with her; and her's, as yet unused to its new residence, was turbulent and restless.

"I went to bed, resolved to resume my post early in the morning. For some hours after I lay down, I could not sleep; but towards the morning, tired of watching, I sunk to rest, and did not wake till the day was far advanced. My dreams were delightful, it is true, but of what comfort were delightful dreams to me, when I awoke, and found that those I enquired for were unknown, and, that the music meeting being at an end, they had departed in their travelling chaise, above two hours previous to my coming? Of what comfort indeed! Comfort I had none. I strove to believe that all I had seen was but a dream, but my heart refused to connive at the deceit."

I am not acquainted with the opinion of the reader with respect to my hero; but, if I may judge of him myself, from the specimen he has given us, I think, without any violation of my system, (see the preface) he may now and then be safely trusted to speak for himself. I don't believe that I could have put more lies into so small a compass. But perhaps the reader will imagine with Rousseau, that the lover sees the beauties in his mistress which he

extols; and though he tells lies, he does not lie."*

CHAP. II.

What people are too apt to forget.—Gregory arrives.—Irish consolation.—The two common ways of giving energy to an assertion reprobated.—Gregory's news.—Where to apply the spur when you are in haste.—A death-bed.—Seduction.—A child.—Horror.—Death drops the curtain, and it naturally follows that there should be an end of the chapter.

It is not impossible that many of my good friends, who are themselves but too forgetful on that subject, may think the death I talked of at the beginning of the last chapter, has escaped my memory. However, they are mistaken, for I shall proceed towards it with all the alacrity they would exert to get out of its way.

Some days subsequent to the event we have related, our collegian was suddenly visited by an old favourite domestic, who had lived with his father even before Barclay's birth. He made his appearance one morning at breakfast. Barclay received him with his usual affability and kindness.

"Well, Gregory," said he, "what brings you here? Some good news I hope. I dare say now you have brought me some cash. Well, not the less welcome on that account. Come, sit down, and let me hear all about it."

To unfold the object of his mission Gregory had no objection, but to sit down in the presence of his young master, was a thing his great respect would never suffer him to do. Honest Gregory had, besides, several peculiarities in his character, of which the reader will know more when he has known him longer. We must now confine ourselves to the important conversation that passed on this occasion.

When our hero said "Come sit down," he had pushed a chair to him on the other side of the breakfast table. Gregory, bowing, took the chair, and turning its seat towards his master, placed his hands, (things, which he, like many men of much better breeding, often found very troublesome appendages) on the back of it.

"I am right glad, my good young master," replied he, "to find you in such rare health and spirits. You will need both to

* J. J. Rousseau: a Julie, pt 147.

Ariosto has a thought not very dissimilar in these verses:—

Quel, che l'uom vede, amor gli fa invisibile;
E l'invisibil fa veder a more.

Orlando Furioso, cant. i. st. 56.

The meaning of which is this:—Love makes that which every man sees, invisible to a lover; and that visible to him which is invisible to every one else.

support you under the sad, sad misfortune that has befallen us all."

"Misfortune!" iterated Barclay, "what misfortune?"—"But don't," continued Gregory, "don't let it sink your noble heart;—bear up,—bear it like yourself."—"Bear what?" cried our hero, with impatience.

Gregory, without positively replying, still went on, with the best intention in the world, striving to calm and mitigate the grief which he conceived a disclosure of the fact might produce. This Hibernian mode of cure, though not uncommon, only served to excite the curiosity, and inflame the mind of the hearer. The more impatient and alarmed Barclay appeared to be, the more fearful was Gregory of removing the veil. At length in one of his misconsolatory addresses, he said, "But heaven is merciful; the doctors have given him over, it is true, but if heaven has not given him over, d—n the doctors, he may still live!"

Every man has his way of still lending force and weight to what he wishes should make an impression.—Some fancy they do it by offering a bet, others, too many others, like Gregory, by uttering an oath. They are equally bad, gentle reader! and are seldom called into action but to support what does not deserve credit, and would not otherwise be believed. If the bet therefore were often taken, both the wager and the oath would be extremely expensive, the first in this world, the latter in the next.

Gregory had scarcely finished this speech when Barclay started from his chair, and seizing hold of his arm, cried, with a commanding, but yet a fearful voice—"Do you talk of my father? Gregory, Gregory, I will be kept no longer kept in suspense."

Gregory would have obeyed, but his feelings overpowered him, and he burst into a flood of tears. Barclay was affected—he took him kindly by the hand, and conjured him in softer terms to tell the worst. But this tenderness only served to make bad worse; for, though it inclined him to do it, it deprived him for some time of the power. Barclay stood, during this interval, in a state of dreadful anxiety. Finally, for there is an end to tears as well as to smiles, Gregory recovered sufficiently to relate, in broken accents, the purport of his visit. With a word of consolation every moment as he proceeded, he told him, that his father had been in very low spirits, and though previously much attached to society, had kept no company since the last vacation;—That his appetite failed, and a

fever coming on, the physician pronounced him in a rapid consumption.—"Why, why," interrupted our hero, in a tone of anguish, "why was I not informed of this before?"

"Your father," replied Gregory, "would not permit it: but cheer up, my young master. Well, within this day or two he began to spit blood: but cheer up; and his feet swelling, the doctors gave him over. But come, cheer up, now, cheer up. The moment this was made known him, he called me to his bedside, and told me to fetch you to him without loss of time."

Gregory now continued his consolatory theme unheard by Barclay, who throwing himself into his chair, and concealing his face with his hands, remained in silent abstraction for some seconds. Presently starting up, he ordered Gregory to go instantly and order a chaise. But the next moment recollecting himself, he said, "No, no; stay you here; you do not know the way so well as I do; besides, my good fellow, you need refreshment. See that you get it immediately. In ten minutes we depart." Saying this, he hastened out of the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Commentator, No. 23.

*Woman's the noblest work in Nature's plan,
Without whom life would be a dreary scene,
Form'd to erase her blemishes in man,
And make him ever happy and serene.* J.

HUMAN nature is susceptible of so many prejudices, and we so frequently see men warped by peculiar sentiments, imbibed in their infancy, or acquired in their journey through life, that it no longer appears extraordinary when we observe a man of sense and erudition with a mind contracted and ideas erroneous. My correspondent *Misan Riden*,* writes as an enthusiast, whose mind by the concurrence of events, in their nature rather peculiar, has imbibed a prejudice against mankind, to which he allows unbounded prevalence. Through the apostasy of an individual, to every sentiment of rectitude and virtue, he has admitted into his breast the idea of the fallibility and vicious principles of the whole sex. Viewing mankind through the contracted and microscopic medium of misanthropy, their vices appear enlarged to his intellectual perception, dim'd by mortification and disappointment, and clouded by prejudice; and their virtues diminished to a point, or totally annihilated. 'Tis thus with the generality of mankind. Trifles

* See Repository Vol. 1. page 470.

viewed through the magnifying medium of imaginary perfection, appear to the eye of man, injured in his individual capacity, as injurious or destructive to the happiness of society. Admitting, for a moment, that the sex who appear to be the material object of his malevolence, were not necessary to the existence of mankind, where would we find a companion who would participate in our sorrows, and in our pleasures. In our fellow men, interested for themselves, influenced by the same passions, animated by the same desires, and impelled by the same prejudices, we could not look for a friend who would consider our prosperity, or mortifications as his own, who would welcome the smiles of fortune with delight, or weep with us over our disappointments. For though the same peculiar inclinations, are not equally strong in every individual, yet they are not so accommodating as to strongly interest us for the misfortunes of others. But in the other sex, you find a refined sensibility, which, though sometimes carried to extremes, is always highly agreeable. I have no doubt that when the impetuous passions, which are the inseparable companions of youth, have given place to calmness and indifference in the breast of the misanthropic *Misan Riden*, he will see the absurdity of his prejudices; and reflecting, that his severe disappointment was only a small part of that bitter potion which is infused into the cup of mortality, by the Supreme Being, to lessen our attachment to this sphere of action, will re-unite himself with society. His philanthropy was not genuine: It did not originate in those causes from whence a disinterested love of mankind proceeds. He loved his fellow-creatures, not from any real affection, but because he expected that they would materially conduce to his pleasure and happiness. His attachment to an individual was the link that connected him with society; and not being susceptible of the operation of its powers of attraction, when the tie, the simple tie, which bound him to his species, was severed, he was thrown off by the violent re-action of those very passions which attached him to his fellow creatures. That mankind are in a great degree involved in the delusions of error, and immersed in the tempestuous ocean of vice, no one will, I believe, deny; but still it is the duty of man to pity the errors, and compassionate the folly of his brethren, and not despise them for their weakness and inconsistency. It is however unnecessary to treat the observations of *Misan Riden*, originating in prejudice, in as serious a manner as if they were founded on justice, and a

knowledge of the human character, acquired by experience. When age has calmed those passions, which now reign uncontrolled in his breast, and occasion that unnatural repugnance to his species by which he is actuated, he will allow, that mankind are not totally destitute of every sentiment of virtue, and that the softer sex are as necessary to the real happiness of man, as they are to his existence. We have seen many authors who have wielded the pen, to diminish the just estimation of female excellence; and we may also have observed some who, impressed with accurate ideas of those causes which form our felicity, acknowledge the value of the female character. Among the latter, may be numbered the lively and amusing *Burns*, who, in his simple and unpolished, but highly interesting lays, pays a due tribute to the pre-eminence of women. The following stanza, in a few words, expresses *his* idea of their superiority over man—

All nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work surpasses O;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O.

Let the dispassionate man, if such a one exists, carefully examine into the female character;—let him investigate the subject without prejudice, and he will find, that however its real excellence may be momentarily obscured by levity and folly, it will eventually prove to his understanding, that it is the only resource from *spleen* and *ennui*. With respect to the murder of two of his fellow creatures, by *Misan Riden*, the circumstance appears too romantic and apocryphal; but admitting it entitled to belief, it conveys to the understanding of his readers no very extraordinary idea of his humanity or good principles. Had their lives been sacrificed in a moment of passionate indiscretion, the crime would have appeared of less magnitude; but after enjoying full time for reflection, to still persevere in his ideas of a sanguinary revenge for the frailty of an individual, indicates a mind over which the passions tyrannize, and from which the bloody demon of revenge has banished every noble sentiment, every dignified sensation of the soul. Notwithstanding all that I have hitherto said relative to the history of *Misan Riden*, and the degree of credibility I have attached to it, I cannot exclude the hope, that for the honour of human nature, the story is imaginary, and the pictures ideal. If this is not the case, I shall hope that he may see his error, that the clouds of delusion in which he is involved, may be dispersed, and that he may become useful to so-

ciety, a friend to mankind, and an admirer of the fair sex. J.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Risum teneatis?

I PROFESS, HENRY, in *sober sadness*, you appear to *wax wroth*. And can I—unfortunate wight that I am! can I be the rueful cause of so direful a conflict in your placid bosom?

Tantani ira celestibus animis?

VIRGIL.

I had no design upon you, Henry, indeed; no, by all that's pretty! I would not wittingly have discomposed one of your *legal curls*, upon any consideration. I fondly hope (and I am sure Mr. Hogan's patrons will say "amen," to it,) that your "noble seat of thought," has suffered no derangement. Yet "some," says the immortal bard, "have died of love, and some run mad, and some with desperate hands themselves have slain!" to which I may add, that some have veritably made their unceremonious exit in a paroxysm of rage. The wise and virtuous Addison, (whom Pope, Steele, Gay, and other literary heroes, used to call "the parson in the tie wig,") observes very pertinently, that the excessive indulgence of violent passions, "gives imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed." And bishop Burnet says, that "love above all passions, implants the most effectual seeds of madness." Now, brother Henry, (this is an affectionate appellation which I learned from Voltaire's Charles XIIth. Peter the Great always used it, when, according to the said historian, he spoke of his hair-brained, iron-sided antagonist, and, with deference be it said, I am of opinion scribblers should possess the same urbanity.) Now, brother Henry, should you, which heaven forsend! like Dido,* feel both passions contending in your breast, viz. *love* and *wroth*, you will see the expediency of labouring to effect a cure. Alas! I fear not *all the drowsy potions* in the apothecaries' shops can *medicine thee to that blessed sleep* which you enjoyed before poor repentant Mercutio wrote.

.....What sin to me unknown,
Dipp'd me in ink, my father's or my own?

POPE.

You certainly accuse me rashly, (and I generously impute it to the two-fold passion,) when you talk about my "intemperate virulence," and "unfeeling invective."

* *Vulnus alit venis cæco capitur igni.*

tive." I mentioned no other performer but Mrs. Whitlock, and neither directly nor indirectly attempted to depreciate Mrs. Merry's powers; it would have been disingenuous, false and futile to have attempted it. Brother Henry, you have certainly a very inventive fancy, and in the true chivalric spirit, because I praise one lady, you suffer yourself to believe I traduce another, and with all the enthusiasm of a Don Quixote, you *straight* espouse the peerless Dulcinea's cause. By what species of logic you can torture my innocent *jeu d'esprit* into a "wanton and unfeeling attack on the rest of the female performers," is to me inscrutable. I criminated no one. I squinted at no living creature, reproachfully. I threw out no allusions, nor dark insidious hints; I merely said, that Mrs. Whitlock's reputation was unsullied. How, brother Henry, is it, I beseech you, that you can metamorphose a merited tribute, and which you yourself allow to be just, into a "wanton unmanly attack, &c.?" You certainly have the surprising faculty, in common with your brother Don, of illustrious memory, of converting a flock of innocent sheep, into a huge army. Could you not with your magical wand, conjure up a host of "whiskered pandours and fierce hussars," for the entertainment of your inquisitive friends? Mr. Wignell, I dare say, would thank you to introduce a battalion or so, of those horrific gentry upon the stage. They would be handsomer than the elephant.—Now do try, that's a good soul!

Any person who should read your very polite and unimpassioned communication, without having perused the cause of it, would naturally imagine, that like Macklin in his ruffian-like attack upon Garrick, I had wantonly thrown every species of obloquy and contumely upon the character of Mrs. Merry, and Zolus-like, denied her even a particle of merit. But, lo! gentle reader, would you think it? this truly estimable actress is never once mentioned, nor even obliquely hinted at! "O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!" What think you of the state of brother Henry's intellects now?

MERCUTIO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

THE principal of the young ladies Academy, Mr. James A. Neal, shewed me a letter from a Miss A—a I—d, of about 15 years of age, (who has been under his

tuition for 2 years) written without study, by way of a valedictory address on leaving him; and asked me what I thought of it, as a specimen of juvenile composition. I read it over carefully, and was so pleased with the manner and style, that I told him he should have my sentiments through the medium of the Philadelphia Repository, provided he would permit me to take a copy of it to accompany them. He replied that he had no great objections; but alleged that, in the eyes of some people, it would look too much like vanity or ostentation in him—and he would not designedly give any cause for illiberal reflections. However, after representing how grateful it must be to the friends of education, and particularly to parents, to see such instances of improvement in the rising generation, as well as how useful to the pupils themselves, by stimulating their laudable ambition for honourable praise, my solicitations at length prevailed: I therefore enclose, for a place in your Repository, a copy of that amiable young lady's letter, taken word for word from the original, now in my possession. If speaking ill of even a bad neighbour be tolerated among mankind, I hope, for the honour of human nature, it will never be thought a crime to speak well of those who are deserving, and even in the strain of eulogium of those whose merits are conspicuously eminent. Of the latter number, is the fair subject of this humble tribute, tho' but just entering upon life. It is proper here to observe, that according to a part of Mr. Neal's plan of tuition, a portion of original composition, on some familiar subject, is indispensably required from every pupil in the first class, every Saturday, by way of an exercise; and the letter alluded to, from Miss A—I—, tho' only intended as a farewell, and composed on the spur of the occasion, was accepted as her task on Saturday last. The consideration, judgment, accuracy, and delicacy, that run through the whole, give it so much the air of a production of maturer years, as to have rendered some introduction necessary, in order to gain it credibility, and its author that encomium which she so justly merits.

Copy of the letter:

Philadelphia, November 14th, 1801.

SIR,

HAVING already, verbally, announced to you, my intention of leaving your Academy, this day will be the last, perhaps, that I shall be under your direction. I shall leave you with reluctance, having experienced much attention

from you; and if I have not improved as much as might have been expected, the delinquency rests entirely with myself. I am sensible, that my education is far from being complete; and I shall still need your able instruction: but, as circumstances have rendered my return to Maryland absolutely necessary, I must not appose it. On a former occasion, I tendered you my grateful thanks, for the singular pains you took, in promoting my learning; and, having received a continuation, and if possible, an increase, during my second stay; you will allow me the privilege of again thanking you.

Although my improvement has not been commensurate with your endeavours to promote it; yet, it will be very pleasing to you to observe it in many of my associates; which I hope will measurably reward you. Wishing you a series of uninterrupted happiness, I bid you adieu!

Your obliged pupil,

A—I—D.

After this, (and I know of numerous similar instances of female improvement) let not the haughty foreigner boast of Europe as the exclusive *alma mater* of science, and assert that the American soil is inhospitable to the seeds, or inauspicious to the scions of genius, either with respect to the pupil or the tutor. How pleasing, how grateful to every intelligent and benevolent mind, to every lover of literature, to every parent who has the feelings of a parent, thus to behold a foundation laying for placing the fairest portion of creation in that rank of importance and eminence, to which by their nature and their own intrinsic excellence, they are so justly entitled. When such are the fruits of a well-timed and well-conducted education, is it any wonder that a parent should almost idolize a child, who promises to be an ornament to society, a blessing to mankind, and the solace of his life? For my part, I do not know any thing which so nearly approaches the *acme* of human excellence, as a young female of an enlightened understanding, a well-informed mind, and a pure and virtuous heart, united in a fair-proportioned and beautiful form: and I am happy to find that my opinion coincides with that of so great and good a man, and poet, as Dr. Young—

Virtue is beauty: but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form is join'd;
When youth makes such bright objects still more
Bright,
And fortune sets them in the strongest light:—
'Tis all of heav'n, that we below may view,
And all, but adoration is their due.

How many of these charming traits are possessed by this amiable pupil, I dare not offend her modesty by enumerating—I will,

therefore, only obscure, that they have endeared her to her relations and friends, have gained her the esteem of all who know her, and cannot fail to affect a stranger with surprise and delight.

I am,
with respect,
Your's,
G. B—H.

Monday, Nov. 16, 1801.

Singular Advertisement.

The following, copied from a late London Publication, is perhaps a pretty severe satire upon the beau monde of the metropolis of England. We do not, however, presume to say, that it is in the least applicable to those of our own city; but only give it to our readers as a matter of amusement.

PROPOSALS FOR OPENING A REGISTER OFFICE FOR BEAUTY;

OR,

REPOSITORY FOR FEMALE CHARMS.

MR. EDITOR,

I BEG leave to state, that I have procured, with infinite labour and expence, the choicest collection of all the several articles requisite for mending, patching, restoring, improving, and supplying every female perfection. I have also engaged the most ingenious artist in the different branches of this useful profession, and mean shortly to open an office at the Court end of the town.

I have provided all the different assortments of lilies and roses, to suit every complexion. I have laid in a considerable stock of unguent, cosmetics, and beautifying pastes. I have the finest tinctures to colour the hair, the brightest red salve for foul lips, and the sweetest perfumes for stinking breaths.—I shall sell Mr. —'s fine compound, to take off all superfluous hair, without the least prejudice to the tenderest complexion; as likewise the grand anti-maculating tincture, to remove pimples, sun-burns, or freckles.

I have various shapes ready fitted up, of all sizes; with all sorts of cushions, plumpers, and bolsters, to hide any defects. I have a curiously-contrived engine for pulling out wry necks, for strengthening bandy legs, and for stretching or cramping them, with the feet, arms, hands, &c. if too short, or too long. I have also a machine for reducing crooked backs, or flattening round shoulders.

I have artificial brilliants of all waters, whether for the bright eye, the dead eye, the piercing eye, the sleepy eye, the bold eye, the swimming eye, &c. I have hired a French oculist to put them into any lady's sockets, from whence he will take out, with very little pain, the squinty eye, the wall eye, the goggle eye, and all others. Hairs are plucked out of the forehead by pincers, and the smoothest mouse eye-brows, of all colours, put on by him in their room, with the nicest exactness.

Mr——, the dentist, has engaged to draw teeth at my office, and to put in a new set of the best polished ivory.—A noted chin-turner will attend every day, to shave, plane, and mount chins, to any cock desired: he will also neatly piece, joint and glue on artificial ones, if wanted.

I have imported a great grand-daughter of professor Taliacotius, who pares, scrapes, grinds, and new-models overgrown noses; cuts off crooked or flat ones to the stumps, and engrafts new ones on the roots of them.

I apply a particular sticking plaister to the face, which takes off the whole skin; and then I rub it over with a beautifying liquor, which adds a new gloss to it; and afterwards I paint it, as natural as the life, to any pattern of complexion. I peel off the finger-nails, and flay the entire hand in the same manner, which, in a month's time, makes them as white as hanging them in a sling, or the wearing of dog's skin gloves can render them in a twelve-month. As for those who are hindered from dancing, by corns of any sort, or toe-nails grown into the flesh, a most famous corn-doctor has promised to cure them; as a great many persons of the highest distinction have experienced.

I cut dimples into the grain, which never wear out. I slit the lips open on each side, if too narrow, and sew them up when they are too wide, with such niceness, that the seams are imperceptible. I no less dextrously fine-draw, or darn wrinkles of any standing; and fill up all dents, chaps, or holes made by the small-pox, with a new invented powder. I have a thin diet-drink to bring down the over-plump to a proper gentility of slimness, and a nourishing kind of jelly for the improvement of the scraggy. In short, I am possessed of many other equally valuable secrets, on which I shall enlarge more particularly hereafter, in my printed bills.

Ladies are waited upon at their own houses, by their very humble servant,

ELIZABETH MENDALL.

ANECDOTES.

A Portuguese, who, from obscurity, had raised himself by the most distinguished merit to a peerage of that kingdom, being in company with several of the most ancient families in Lisbon, became the object of their wit and raillery, on account of his infant nobility. With a design therefore to pique him in the tenderest point, they turned their discourse alone on the honours derived from nobility of birth, each extolling the great achievements of his distinguished ancestors in the warmest terms of panegyric. At last it came to this nobleman, as is the custom of the country, to give his sentiments; when the rest of the company were scarce able to contain themselves from open laughter, expecting that he must leave the room in extreme disorder. But how great was their astonishment, and even their shame, when this truly illustrious personage, with the greatest composure and good humour, addressed them thus: "My lords, I acknowledge that all of you have given a very flattering account of your ancestors' immortal deeds; but from this I can only gather, that the honours you enjoy, were thus simply delivered by hereditary succession into your hands; but, my lords, my plea, thank heaven! is widely different: I have the virtuous satisfaction of saying more than you all; that I obtained all my honours by my own immediate actions and shall therefore have the superior pleasure of transmitting them, unsullied, to my successors, for them to boast of."

A Lady, who loved gaming very much, and who, at the same time was very covetous, falling sick in the country, in a village where her estate lay, sent for the curate, and proposed play to him. The curate, being also fond of gaming, accepted the proposition with joy. They played, and the curate lost. After having won all his money, she proposed to play for the parson's fees at her burial, in case she died. They played: and he lost. She obliged him to give a note for the sum at which interments then stood; and dying in eight or ten days after, the curate withdrew his note by the interment.

EPITAPH FOR A CARD-MAKER.

His card is cut—long days he shuffled thro'
The game of life—he dealt as others do.
Tho' he by honours tells not its amount,
When the last trump is play'd his tricks will count.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET VI.

TO POVERTY.

*How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty!—*

KNOW.

To THEE, the sport of Fortune, hapless
Pow'r,

Not hireling-like, I tune the feeling lay;
With sadden'd heart, the sorrowing tri-
bute pay;

And view, with tears, thy melancholy
bow'r.

Ah! what avail the riches earth affords,
For all, the common children of one Sire!
Millions, for want of life's poor boon ex-
pire,

While wealth o'erwhelms crown'd villains
and their lords.

Yet, be resigned—HEAV'N marks thee for
its own;

The bosom of thy God shall be thy home:
For where dwells Virtue, mis'ry can-
not come;

And, where she dwells not, bliss is never
known:—

Bear up—Life's storms and ills will soon be
o'er;

And sorrows and afflictions pain no more.

AMYNTOR.

THE FEMALE SEX DESCRIBED

BY ST. PIERRE.

HOW little are they acquainted with the laws of Nature, who, in their opinion of the two sexes, look for nothing farther than the pleasures of sense? They are only culling the flowers of life, without once tasting its fruits. The FAIR SEX, that is the phrase of our men of pleasure, women are known to them under no other idea....but, besides this, it is the creative sex, which gives birth to man; and the cherishing sex, which suckles and cherishes him in infancy....It is the pious sex, which conducts him to the altar, while he was yet a child, and teaches him to draw in with the milk of the breast, the love of religion. It is the pacific sex, which sheds not the blood of a fellow creature; and the sympathising sex, which ministers to the sick, and handles without hurting them.

ERRATUM—In the 15th page, in the quotation from VIRGIL, for word, for *Tantani*, read *Tantane*.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF YOUNG LA-
DIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY A SUBSCRIBER.

*Our ingenious correspondent's List includes no fewer than the names of 28 REIGNING BEAUTIES—Not willing, however, to rack the imagination of our fair readers to too high a degree, we have only given a fourth part of the list, reserving the remainder for subsequent publi-
cations.*

1. Two fourths of a water fowl, the fourth consonant, and an enclosed piece of ground.
2. An enclosure for a fleet animal, and two thirds of what we are all liable to.
3. A sweet flower, one third of a message, and a hard substance, omitting the first and last letters.
4. The name of an unfortunate Queen (for the lady's Christian name) and a work-
er in metals.
5. The heroine of a celebrated sentiment-
al author (for the lady's Christian name) two fourths of an agreeable entertain-
ment, and one half of the substance with-
in a shell.
6. Two fourths of the messenger of Juno, and an exhilarating liquor, omitting the last letter.
7. The manager of an estate, omitting the last letter, and adding in place thereof the twentieth letter of the alphabet.

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 21, 1801.

On account of the very great variety of the matter embraced by the Philadelphia Repository, and the care, time and attention necessary to examine and collate so great a number of articles, many of them very minute, it has been found impracticable to complete the Index to the first volume during the present week. It will, however, if possible, be delivered to our subscribers on Saturday next.

Marriages.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Frederick Smith, Mr. John M. Shepherd, to Miss Freshmuth, daughter of Mr. Daniel Freshmuth....On the 12th, by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, Mr. Andrew Hammer, to Miss Catharine Ritzen-dollar....Same day, at Friends' meeting,

Mr. Israel Cope, merchant, of Baltimore, to Miss Margaret Cooper, daughter of the late Mr. Marmaduke Cooper, of N. Jersey ...Same day, Mr. Wm. Leedom, jun. of this city, to Miss Vanleer, daughter of Mr. Samuel Vanleer, of Chester county....On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helmuth, Mr. George Lextner, to Miss Rebecca Weisinger....Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Blackwell, Mr. Baltis Emrick, to Miss Hannah Summers, daughter of Mr. Andrew Summers, of Southwark....On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. James Abercrombie, Mr. Thomas Clarke, mer-
chant, to Miss Eliza Myers, daughter of Mr. John Myers....On the 17th, at Friends Meeting, Mr. Joseph Paul, jun. of Whissahickon, to Miss Elizabeth F. Wheeler, daughter of Samuel Wheeler, Esquire, of the Northern Liberties.

.....At Darby, on the 12th inst. at Friends' Meeting, Mr. Samuel Rhoads, to the amiable Miss Sarah Garret, both of Blockly Township, Philadelphia county.

Deaths.

DIED....In this City....On the 17th inst. of a pleurisy, Capt. Roger Kean....Same day Mrs. Ann Davis, wife of Mr. George Davis, merchant and Law-Bookseller.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Cross Old Maid," and "A Maid," in reply to "A Bachelor," are received, and will have all due consideration paid them
"Ingenious Toasts," savours some of them of party politics—they however lie on the table.
"Answer to Expectation," and lines "To Eliza," lie under the table.
"Address to Matilda," has been accidentally mislaid—If found, it will appear next week.

NATHAN CHAPIN,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a SINGING SCHOOL, at his School-room, No. 134, South Fifth Street, between Pine and Lombard Street, on Saturday Evenings, from 6 till 9 o'clock; where Ladies and Gentlemen may be carefully instructed into every thing necessary for the accomplishment of that art.

Philadelphia, Nov. 14th 1801.

A few Copies of the Song, set to Music, entitled "CITIZEN SOLDIERS" printed on fine Writing Paper, for Sale at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository, price $\frac{1}{4}$ th of a dollar.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following lines, which I extract from the Lady's Museum, for January, 1800, are the juvenile effusions of one of our fair countrywomen, the daughter of Mr. Leslie, of this city, who resided in London with his family at that period. It would be in vain for me to attempt a panegyric on the fair Author of this interesting Poem—Her taste for literature; her chaste and instructive conversation; and her modest, graceful, and elegant manners, have, at her present early age, rendered her an ornament to human nature, and an honour to her sex.

Your giving this elegant production a place in the Philadelphia Repository, will oblige

Your s,
A SUBSCRIBER.

WINTER.

By Miss LESLIE, a young lady of 12 years old.

(TUNE—"POOR JACK.")

THE north wind has scatter'd the leaves
o'er the grove,

The valley is cover'd with snow:
Come, Caroline, to the wild scene let us
rove,

Where, last summer, the streamlet did
flow:

Now, see, the dear riv'let, no more does it
glide

Along the green meadows, so clear;
And see yonder willow, that grew by its side,
Which once did so verdant appear;

The streamlet is frozen, and wither'd the
tree,

And barren the once grassy field:
No more the bright flow'rs so blooming we
see,—

All nature to winter must yield.

Then turn to the garden, last summer so gay;
See ev'ry thing drooping around;

Not a flow'r appears to enliven the day,
Since Winter has frozen the ground:

Each bush, and each shrub, hangs so droop-
ing its head.

In summer so cheerful and green;
The tulips, the roses, the pinks are all dead,
Not a leaf or a blossom is seen:

Alas! what avails it how bright they once
were,

What charms they in summer reveal'd,
Since each flow'r, tho' ever so charming
and fair,

To the rigour of Winter must yield.

Yet in yonder green-house the flowers still
blow,

The garden's choice beauties are there,
And, bidding defiance to frost and to snow,
Still bloom,—not in summer more fair:

See tulips, and roses, and lilies, unfold
Their charms in this happy retreat;

There pinks, yellow daffodils, jonquils be-
hold,

Each flower so blooming and sweet:

They always are lovely, they always are
green,

While snow heightens the mountain and
field:

These flowers are always so beautiful seen,
Tho' others to Winter must yield.

Young Flavia, at present so lovely and fair,
Whose beauty each bosom alarms,

Her days must devote to sad sorrow and
care,

When age comes to rifle her charms;
For Flavia's devoid of those charms of the
mind,

That please when no others are left;
She'll resemble the flow'rs, by Winter, un-
kind,

Of all their sweet graces bereft;
Decaying, and wither'd, and cover'd with
snow,

No charms to the eye are reveal'd;
So will Flavia appear, when old age, wo-
man's foe,

Will force her her beauties to yield.

Yet you, like the green-house, dear Caro-
line, are,

Where the flow'rs are still in their prime;
Your charms are so lasting, so lovely, so fair,
They ne'er can be rifled by time:

Your beauty external, dear maiden, may
fade,

And sink under age's bold blast;
Your virtue throughout the dull season,
sweet maid,

Like the flow'rs in the green-house, will
last:

Thus lovely when young, and still lovely
when old,

In all seasons some beauties reveal'd,
Then time, who'd destroy them, with grief
shall behold

They ne'er to his wishes will yield.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

VERSES

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY,

On the Death of G. P. BUSHE.

COME, melancholy muse, of pensive thought,
With sable wings, in mournful garb ar-
ray'd,

Guide my ideas to the sacred dead,
To hover round the tomb where BUSHE
is laid.

There let me weep to see fair virtue's friend,
And wisdom's fav'rite son in mould'ring
clay;

But hark, some heav'nly inspiration says;
"Oh! weep no more—he lives in endless
day."

But lo! I hear another voice divine!

'Tis Gratitude—she bids my muse to
mourn;

Then let me be a votary at her shrine,
And drop a tear on BUSHE's hallow'd urn.

For he was all that fancy can express,
His heart was generous, and his soul sin-
cere;

The mem'ry then of one so good, so great,
Demands at least the tribute of a tear.

Around his tomb sweet Friendship oft will
weep, (tend;
And Truth and Gratitude will there at-
tend;
Wisdom for him will her sad vigils keep,
And Virtue there will mourn her truest
friend.

Oh! could his stay on earth have been pro-
long'd,
His piety and worth had then prevail'd;
His virtues would have made ev'n death re-
lent,
Nor would th' invading tyrant's hand as-
sail'd.

But tho' he lies in yonder dreary tomb,
Remember 'tis his body only dies;
Th' immortal soul has wing'd its heav'nly
flight,
And soar'd on high to join his kindred skies.

Not time itself his virtues shall obscure;
And tho' proud columns fall, and melt a-
way,
Still shall he live,—in endless fame endure,
And bloom in heav'n in everlasting day!!
M. G.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO L'ALLEGRO.

..... There may be shame,
But where's the merit in a borrow'd name. W.

L'ALLEGRO, what ails thee? what trou-
bles thy brain?

The trifle I wrote, pray does that give thee
pain?

Thou never heard'st tuning or stringing of mine,
Yet thy tympanum's touch'd, thy ear is so
fine.

Has *Urania* such lugs as thou'st fix'd at thy
head?—

Tir'd out with thy music, long since she has
fled,

She never lov'd singing, nor yet those who
sing—

'Tis a folly to thrust thy head under her wing;
Or by force to thy pipe, as a patron, to draw
The *Muse of the spheres*; whilst thou'rt
wrangling with Law.

Yet could'st thou engage her thy patron to be,
It would do very well, a mere idiot might
see;

As she was ne'er fam'd for a musical ear,
She is better prepar'd thy coarse discords to
bear.

But waiting thy pauses, thy symphony's squeal-
ing, (wailing

The groans of thy tenor, thy treble be-
Requies all Job's patience, and that would
be failing.

T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

* * Subscriptions for this Paper received at
the Office, No. 51, South Third-street; price
6½ cents each number, payable every four
weeks; or three dollars a year to those who
pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance ei-
ther to pay in advance, or procure some re-
sponsible person in the City, to become an-
swerable for the money as it becomes due.